

S. 59
BRUNO'S WEEKLY



**Lincoln as seen by the
Cartoonists of his time**

**EDITED BY GUIDO BRUNO IN HIS GARRET
ON WASHINGTON SQUARE**

Five Cents

February 12th, 1916

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Edited by Guido Bruno in His Garret on Washington Square

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Vol.II.

I do the very best I know how,
the very best I can and mean to
keep doing so 'til the end. If the
end brings me out all right, what is
said against me won't amount to
anything.

—Abraham Lincoln.

Lincoln As Seen By the Cartoonists of His Time

THE caricature of to-day will be the historical mirror of the past for the future generations.

Small peculiarities in seemingly small and unimportant things, manners of speech and of gesture, habits of dress and the hobby diversion of men in the limelight of every-day life are indicative of their character.

The cartoonist sees and observes and preserves in his sketches and drawings what the ablest writer cannot express in words. We study the life history of great men in the writings of historians and in the essays of men who deemed the subject worthy for their pen. But not only a much better understanding could we gain by studying the results of momentary impressions received by the caricaturist with his quick-catching eye but we could find also many missing links not supplied by history chronicles in the oftentimes abruptly successive sequence of happenings. The caricaturist can bring us an understanding for this or that element in the character of a man and make us see the logic in hitherto obscure situations or startling occurrences.

Every man, woman or child knows the kind and grave features of President Lincoln. With reverence and love they gaze into the serious, manly eyes, wherever his portrait is seen.

The same men and women notice daily the cartoons in our newspapers. Many a hearty laugh and many an indignant word were provoked through the cartoonists' oftentimes grotesque conception of candidates during presidential campaigns.

But it is more than doubtful that any of the readers of the newspapers of to-day have ever considered that Lincoln might have been the target of the caricaturist during his time, just as Roosevelt or Taft or Wilson have been in our time. Even the thought of a ridiculed Lincoln they would brand sacrilege.

In the caricatures of pioneer American cartoonists, it requires no magnifying glass to discern immediately the important traits of Lincoln's character. He is seen always the same man,

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Prof. Lincoln In His Great Feat of Balancing

From "Vanity Fair," March 23rd, 1861.

even when ridiculed by the cartoonist of the eastern journal hostile to Lincoln's political cause. There were ever present beneath the burlesque of the caricaturist the grave seriousness, the unbound trust in providence, in God, in his fellow man, the sanctity of his once given word and his love of doing what the candidate promised to trusting voters before his election.

The art of caricature in America is not a very old one. Looking back perhaps two centuries, we are surprised at the unartistic, rude attempt by the cartoonist to express humor.

The days of the Rebellion and the big days of reconstruction which followed, moved the caricaturists to sketching their ideas, but these were expressions of unfair animosity, partial and sectional, and lacked art or humor.

The comic paper as an American institution was unknown. Scores of periodicals, that claimed the title, had been started



OLD ABE—Ain't there a nice crop? There's the hardy Bunker Hill flower, the Seventh Regiment pink, the Fire-boy tulip—that tricolored flower grows near Independence Hall—the Western Blossoms and Prairie Flowers will soon begin to shoot.

COLUMBIA—What charming plant is this?

OLD ABE—That is rare in this country—it will bloom shortly and bear the Jeffersonia Davisiana.

From "Vanity Fair," May 9, 1861.

but they were universally short lived, generally on account of their triviality. They represented nothing,—an essential to even a comic paper—and they had no reason for existence. They were at best mere imitations of French or German periodicals and did not appeal to American taste.

It was not until Keppler adapted the vigorous and expressive art of the German school to American ideas that the comic



Wonderful Surgical Operation

Performed by Doct. Lincoln on the Political Chang and Eng.
Political Chang., J. B.—
Political Eng., J. G. B.—

From "Vanity Fair," November 3, 1860.

paper assumed its legitimate place in American journalism. Keppler was an Austrian, had traveled extensively in his native country and had aspired in the early part of his life to become an actor. In Vienna he was a contemporary of the great tragedians of the time at the Royal Play-house, the "Burg-theatre,"



Our Great Iceberg Melting Away

From "*Vanity Fair*," March 9th, 1861.

and he toured Europe and America with theatrical companies. He landed in the New World in 1872 and it was he who started the first comic paper of this country, "Puck," primarily in St. Louis and later in company with the genial Adolph Schwartzman in New York.

One of the forgotten comic papers of the early sixties is "Vanity Fair." Only a very few copies of this publication survived the destructive years of the war. The very limited circulation, which this weekly had, makes it very doubtful whether there are many duplicates of the seven volumes issued, in existence. The historical societies of New York and Chicago are not in possession of a complete set, but have only a few odd numbers.

Very little is known about "Vanity Fair." The first number of the weekly, published in quarto on sixteen pages, appeared in the year 1859. It expired gently in December, 1862.

Its contributors did not affix their names to their articles but employed queer pen names; it is not impossible that one or two men were responsible for the literary contents. Bobbett-Hopper was the cartoonist, the author of nearly every caricature published during the life of "Vanity Fair."

Many good things can be found there among insignificant products. The caricatures of Lincoln and many of the countless anecdotes, paragraphs and verses to and about him, while significant and typical of the time, are mostly unknown.

The cartoons we reproduce will be easily understood by those who know the history of the sixties and early seventies. The names of the caricatured subjects are now framed in history. The truth of Lincoln's philosophy, reproduced above as a motto of this article, is proved by the history of the United States.

In bas relief his name stands out, esteemed by all who revere the founders of their native country.

Abraham Lincoln is the greatest American of the nineteenth century chiefly for the same traits of his character and the methods employed by him in private life as well as in the service of his country, which were ridiculed in the contemporary cartoons reproduced in these pages.

Guido Bruno

A War Song

Mr. Augustus Snipes, late of the Journal of Commerce, rather flatters himself, that when a model for a War Song is desired, the following will be about the martial go:

COME draw your triggers,
 And fight for your niggers,
 Though nobody cares to disturb 'em!
 These pestilent fleas
 Must vote as we please,
 Or, by Johnny Calhoun, we'll curb 'em!

For the ballot and box
 Let us substitute knocks;
 Hard knocks, and sweet stringing dry knocks!
 Though we're rich in assets,
 Yet we won't pay our debts
 To a parcel of pestilent Shylocks.

O we rise as we think on
 That scamp, Abram LINCOLN,
 That beastly, belligerent Bucker!
 O we swear all together
 To tar and to feather,
 Provided we catch him, the Sucker!

Then seize all your rifles,
 And don't stand for trifles,
 Like fratricides, burglaries, treasons!
 So comrades! all come,
 And in ramrods and rum,
 We have five hundred excellent reasons!

From "Vanity Fair," June 15th, 1861.

The Side Splitter

(From "Vanity Fair," July 6, 1861.)

MR. LINCOLN, we shall find this compromise movement a hard thing to get through," said Chase, confidentially, as they sat together cracking nuts and jokes.

"Never mind," replied merry old Abe, "I've had to get through many of knotty points in my days."

"Ho, ho," chuckled the dignified Secretary of the Treasury, holding his ribs. "Really, Mr. Lincoln, you ought to be called the side-splitter."

Three American Birthdays

THE month of February has the distinction of being the birth month of those three American citizens whose names represent to the world all that's big and sublime in our country. Very little outside of geography is being taught in the continental public schools about America. But even the Hottentot children in the mission schools of Africa and the little Moslems who occasionally visit the open school meetings of the howling dervishes in Turkey know that Washington was the father of this country, who liberated the original English colonies from the inhuman yoke of their oppressors. They know the name of Abraham Lincoln, who really brought about the ideals set down in the Declaration of Independence: making equal in rights those that were equally born. They know Thomas A. Edison, who liberated mind from the limitations of space and lifted us far above the primitiveness which had hampered the world since its creation.

Washington, Lincoln and Edison are the three names which inspire the immigrant who comes hopefully to the shores of the country of his new choice. They are a demonstration ad oculos of what possibilities America opens up for everybody who has something to give. And while the Americans who have been naturalized for six or eight generations are proudly celebrating the birthdays of their greatest fellow-citizens, humanity at the same time all over the world is being inspired with new hopes and new promises for a new and for a better and for a more appreciated life in America.

As I Walk Out On the Street

A long row of automobiles lines the curb of the north side of Washington Square. The canvas canopy which protects men and women in evening dress from their auto to the door of the mansion on the corner of Fifth Avenue indicates that there is a reception in this patrician New York home. Lackies in livery open the limousines and assist the newcomers in descending to the red velvet carpet which covers the sidewalk.

And I walk on to the Square. The snow is muddy and little rivers of an ugly fluid make walking difficult. On a wet bench with a clouded firmament as far-away canopy stretched over it, is seated a man. His hands are deep in his pockets. His coat collar turned up, his knees and legs close together—he must be cold. A man in blue livery with shining brass buttons strolls up from somewhere out in the dark. He approaches the man on the bench. He assists him to the nearby police station.

Cat-Paw

Be courteous to your creditors.—Abraham Lincoln.

Yes, Hall of Fame. Bread? No .

(Here is a letter of Marie Clemm, mother of Poe's wife, who shared good and bad days with the Poe couple and who survived both for almost twenty-five years. She was the only near relative of Poe and surely it should have been she if there was anybody to profit by the literary remains of America's first poet. Like hyenas were the Griswolds and their kind waiting to tear all that was left after the poet's death to shreds, to take physical possession of his literary remains. Publishers, moving-picture concerns have made millions in commercializing the stories and poems which never afforded poor Poe a bare living. And even today are gentlemen "of letters" who without blushing claim the ownership to copyrights to poems of Edgar Allan Poe.)

Baltimore, Dec. 12, 1864.

My very dear friend:

I received yours of the 8th, and I assure you the money enclosed (the so much needed) did not gratify me as much as your kind sympathy. Oh! how grateful to my desolate heart is a kind word. When you again see Mr. Lewis thank him most sincerely for me, tell him I will be so pleased if he will write to me. I am very happy to hear he is well and in good spirits. I am now writing with a large blister on my chest, which will be an apology for this brief letter. I have not anything of dear Eddie, but a few mutilated letters. I have been obliged in many instances to send part of those much cherished letters to kind friends who wished to have something he had written. Mrs. John P. Kennedy called on me a short time since, at the request of her husband, to solicit me for some of his manuscript. But alas! I have nothing more of his to give. Mr. Longfellow wrote to me a short time ago, for two of his autographs, as he wished to send them to a distinguished lady in Europe. I was obliged to get them from a friend, as all that I had was given away. If my beloved ones can look down from Heaven, they will thank and bless you for your kindness to the mother whom they loved. Do not for one moment think I wish to impose on your generosity, but if you can interest a few of your friends to send me a couple of bottles of wine, and a few oranges, or anything you think will be proper for a poor invalid I will be truly thankful. Oh! since I have been suffering so much how much I have wished for some little delicacy, for the food I get here is extremely plain and very little of it. While I was in Virginia, Mr. Lewis sent me a box of oranges which did me so much good. Perhaps you can prevail on him to contribute to the charity for his old friend. I do not wish you to give one cent towards it, I know you have not the means altho I am convinced you have the heart. One of the ladies here will go out today and get me some flannel as the physicians have ordered, and every time I see it, I will pray to God to bless the kind donors. I suppose you will scarcely credit me when I tell you, I often suffer for a cup of green tea, I cannot drink the miserable stuff they have here.

Every article is so enormously high, I suppose they cannot afford to furnish us with better. But dear friend I so much hope I will be soon where all wants will be supplied, and without money or without price, I hope I am ready to go when the good God calls me. If you succeed in getting me a small box of anything to add to my comfort, direct as you do the letters. Write soon to yours sincerely,

M. Clemm.

(This Letter is the Property of Mr. Patrick F. Madigan).

The Old Ass

THREE animals were frolicking on the soft young green of a joyous pasture: a young dog, a young horse and an old ass.

The young dog said: "Now I am having a good time—but, oh, later on! They will train me, they will teach me tricks. I will have to be watchful, I will have to get accustomed to kicks, and I will have to bear patiently the wildest temper of my master. In the long run a dog catcher will get a hold of me. Does it pay to live? Surely, it does not!"

And the young horse said: "Now I am leading a joyful life, indeed,—but, oh, later on! They will catch me, they will put a harness around my neck—I will have to draw heavy loads. Or, someone is going to sit on my back and will abuse me with whip and spurs. And then some day they will sell me to a butcher and they will mete out my flesh by the pound. Does it pay to live? Is it worth while? Surely, it is not!"

But the old ass, who had listened with astonished eyes, said: "I really do not know what's the matter with you. I have been in the employ of the same company for the last thirty years. I have a good position and surely I am doing very well. And I find that life is worth while living."

—Guido Bruno

Boulevard St. Michael

SIN, Sin, and be merry. Let who will
 Say Bacchus is an evil god, I swear
 I'd rather run my fingers through his hair
 Just once, and die, than live insensible,
 Forever! Lift the cup and drink your fill
 Of pleasure, for a wine is in the air
 To stain the afternoon and dull the glare
 Of the drunk October sun; and on the hill
 Of St. Michael Autumn's purple grape
 Hangs ripe and luscious. Soon will come the night
 When all about us, underneath the light
 Of arc-lamps, will parade the lovely shape
 Of lust incarnate, and the hill will burn
 With youth's consuming and hot lips that yearn.

Murray Sheehan

Germany's Angel

YOU surely will know that each of the belligerent countries has an envoy in the disguise of an angel kneeling at the throne of God and praying for the victory of the arms of his country. The Russian angel is praying day and night that the dear Lord may help the Russians, because only with his help can they achieve an ultimate victory over their enemies.

The French angel is also praying, and praying not alone for the arms of his own country, but imploring the Lord's blessing upon the arms of Russia so that France may not lose the billions of dollars which she loaned to Russia. And the angels of all other countries pray unwearyingly. The dear Lord, gracious—as he always is—lends his ear to all of them. And while he looks over the number of the angels kneeling at his throne, he misses the envoy of Germany. With a look of inquiry the Lord turns to St. Peter.

• “Yes,” says Peter, “Germany's angel most likely is with the armies of his country and hasn't time to come up here; but after the war he will come to offer his thanks.”

Replated Platitudes

Unfortunately, America's being the “Money Center,” will not necessarily insure its being the center of sense.

A good heart under a poor head is a fine formula for a perfect fool.

It appears, that whether you measure temperature by Fahrenheit, or Centigrade, or Reaumer, the only significant points on the scale are: “Sweat in the shade,” and “Shiver in the sun,”—all the rest is only filling.

Now, the love that can be measured in dollars isn't worth even a dollar.

Julius Doerner.

The Poet

BURY him under the yew
 Deep in the night or the daytime
 For his heart is the heart of the dew
 And his shroud is the song of the May-time.

Splendid, and true, and fine,
 Breath of the morning star—
 This was his soul divine
 Moulded of all things that are.

Edgar Allan Poe

His life was a cry in the desert—
 His cry was an echo of pain—
 In a world unborn of the soul of scorn
 He shall come to his own again.

Joseph Lewis French

Books and Magazines of the Week

Repetition is the mother of decline.

A good many of our newest poets are starting to repeat themselves. They said all they had to say and now they are beginning to look around for new listeners, for such to whom their message will be new.

With hope and expectations did we watch the young journals come up in all parts of the country which devote their pages exclusively to poetry. Two distinct types of poetry magazines came from the presses. There were the mouth-pieces of those early promoters of verse unusual and unrhymed whose alma mater was and is Miss Monroe's monthly, "Poetry." Here we read for the first time the daring things of the English poets who have lived their lives since, but who are repeating themselves over and over again.

And then there were little magazines and magazinettes here and there, just flying pamphlets often only sheets with two or four printed pages. We welcomed these individualistic expressions because they came from men whose message didn't seem to fit in any existing periodicals, but seemed important enough to them to be sent to a good many more than they could approach through the spoken word. And gradually some died and others succeeded; some grew and some are merely existing. But new ones came up and are coming up almost daily fighting for an existence and for an audience.

The new camp grew. Where there was one tent there are avenues of tents now with side streets and piazzas and . . . blind streets.

The value of these one-man's efforts lay in their individualistic expression.

Names have been standardized, combinations formed, a new secession is inevitable in the near future. The poetry magazines of the independent sort are flirting with each other. Independence is kept up artificially but certain names have been standardized and you can find them signed to poems on the pages of all of them. Why not do the thing before it is too late? Why not combine efforts and have just one poetry journal, or if this seems impossible why not keep to the old standards? Or if there has been all said why not stop printing them?

The Poetry Journal

Mr. Braithwaite's anthology is spooking considerably in the editorial pages of this journal with the pink cover. Amy Lowell has her say and quite post festum but what does it matter. A good umbrella finds its appreciation even after the rain. It might be used as a parasol.

Others.

Distinguished is the February issue of Alfred Kreymborg's magazine of the new verse. It contains eight pages of his own poetry. Especially those poems which were originated in

his "Mushroom period" sound like the real Kreymborg. Here is one reproduced.

CONVENTION

Beware of a pirate who will scuttle your ship,
a cross-eyed toothless pirate!

I'll blow my great horn, carved of dead men's skulls,
right down your ear and freeze you.

I'll stick my big thumb into your eye
and my knife clean through your throat.

I'll pull out my goblet and drink your blood
while my foot rests on your belly.

I'll laugh a loud laugh that'll shunt your soul to hell
and spit on your face for an epitaph.

I'll kick your carcass to its coffin, the sea,
a sea that won't sing even a dirge for you.

Then I'll yank down the flag that you hoisted up so high
and raise the devil's own instead. . .

Beware of a pirate who will scuttle your ship,
a cross-eyed toothless pirate!

I crawl aboard when your sails begin to fail—
the sails that are blown by the strength of your will.

The Phoenix

Vance Thompson's "Drink and be Sober" incites Michael Monahan to draw a parallel between this latest production of Thompson and Jack London's "John Barleycorn."

"Thompson's book lacks this logic and appeal, to begin with; it professes to set forth a generalized experience common to all men who drink, and to educe therefrom a universal conclusion. His contract is therefore much larger than London's, and his failure has been correspondingly greater."

The Brooklynite

In the current issue of this official organ of "The Blue Pencil Club" of Brooklyn, Charles E. Isaacson describes England as the England of Charles Dickens, as the England which is in his mind and never can be effaced.

The Revolt

Hippolyte Havel's weekly contains three poems by Benjamin De Casseres, *Three Moralities* and "Change," by Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser says a good deal in these three columns. His sentences are short and not complicated. It is good if our popular writers have a magazine like *The Revolt* where they can say what they really think and do not need to stretch their thoughts in order to produce a substantial amount of words.

The Newarker

"Published monthly by the Committee of One Hundred as a record of work and a program of events for Newark's Two-Hundred Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration" is filled with historical and semi-historical articles relating to the history of Newark and New Jersey. The February issue contains a generous portion of Washington material and a facsimile reproduction of a letter of Lincoln dated February 19th, 1861, and addressed to the people of Newark.

Hippolyte Havel About the Village

WHEN I speak of Greenwich Village I have no geographical conception in view. The term Greenwich Village is to me a spiritual zone of mind. Is there any reason d'être for the existence of a spiritual Greenwich Village? I believe there is. Those fellow wanderers who pawn their last coat in rue Franc Bourgeoise, who shivered in rue St. Jacques and searched for the cheapest brasserie in rue Lepic, those who crowded the Olympe in rue de la Gaiete, will understand the charm of the Village. A ramble along Charlton and Varick Streets is a reverie, not to speak of the sounds of—how do Minetta Lane, Patchin Place, Sheridan Square and Gay Street strike you?

To be sure the native of the Village has no especial distinction. He is just as dull as the native of Bronx, or the native of Hoboken. The apaches of the Village are more crude than the gangs of upper Riverside. So are in proportion, the alguecils of the Village more vicious and brutal than their confreres in other precincts. The Village has also its sneaking reformers and neighborhood centers full of apostles in male and female petticoats, good people who clean out certain parts of their territory from outcasts and drive those poor dregs of humanity into other parts of the city. The joints of the Village compare favorably with Doctor's and Barney Flynn's emporiums on the Bowery and Chatham Square.

The soothsayers of yesteryear assured us that the Village is doomed. . . No danger so far though the subterranean barbarians are busy in reconstructing Seventh Avenue and building a subway for the men in a hurry. True also, the "Grapevine" has disappeared and we miss the pewters of creamy ale. But take courage, ye tipplers, there are other heavenly retreats in the Village. "Grifou" is dead, but there is a new brasserie de Lilla, yea, even a cafe Groessenwahn. Josiah Flint, if he should awaken from his grave would not be lonesome in the Village.

If you lose your illusions and the evil one takes hold of your soul, you leave your garret on the sacred Butte and rent a studio near Parc Monceau, you leave the Soho and take your domicile in Chelsea, or you become a traitor to Greenwich Village and move into an apartment on Riverside Drive. You will smile pityingly over the folly of the poor devils who lose their lives in ugly holes on Washington Square, or find pleasure in cheap restaurants among pickpockets on Carmine Street. But some evening after the West Indian has pushed you up to your steamheated apartment and after you have gone over your bank account, you will fall into reverie and you will sigh for the dear old haunts of the Village. Old reminiscences will float before your vision and old names will strike chords in your damned soul, and you will envy the silly chaps and maidens who remained true to the Village. Like a sneakthief you will return secretly some evening and you will look up the dear old places. But the charm will be

gone. Even the caravanserie on Thirty-first Street and the Zukunftstatt on Seventy-seventh Street will close their portals to you. Then you have lost your illusions, your enthusiasm and your idealism. Greenwich Village is a spiritual conception and shopkeepers are not interested in dreamers. The Village is the rallying point for new ideas. Its spirit reaches the heathenish bellyworshippers of Harlem, even nature fakers near the Zoo in the Bronx. The Bronxite points proudly to Poe's cottage, but come to the Village, mon chere, and I will point out to you "Grub Street" where another iconoclast, Thomas Paine, earned his bread and his fame in daily struggles with the economic devil.

Hippolyte Havel

In Our Village

Captain Hall's Exhibition of paintings, marine scenes and forest scenes, including portraits of Abraham Lincoln and of Nancy Hanks, Lincoln's mother, will be continued until February 15th.

A group of Russian painters will have a joint exhibition in Bruno's Garret from February 15th until February 25th. The works of art exhibited will include paintings, water colors, pen and ink sketches and miniatures.

On Monday, the 14th of February, Guido Bruno will speak on "Greenwich Village: What it was, What it is and What it Means to Me." Tickets can be reserved for this evening by addressing the garret.

On February 28th, Theodore Schroeder, president of the Free Speech League will deliver his lecture "From Phallic Worship to Secularized Sex." It is a frank discussion of problems for such as are not afraid of facts. "The viewpoint is evolutionary and psychologic. The purpose is to give enlightenment of a kind that is a bit unusual but needed—desired by most but often denied." Admission by ticket only.

Richard Oeckenden, better-known as "Dick, the Oysterman," who had catered to the culinary tastes of Greenwich Village for a good many years, died recently, a victim of pneumonia. His old basement on Third Street was famous as hang-out place of writers and artists of the last decade of the nineteenth century. O. Henry immortalized it in one of his short stories.

Bonville de Camoin, landlord to many a writer and artist on Washington Square for the last twenty years, was taken ill suddenly and is in a critical condition in a hospital. It was in his house that Jenny Lind stopped during her presence in New York and many famous men and women since have lived under its hospitable roof.

Charles Keeler, poet, playwright and world wanderer, arranges recitals, story evenings and poetry readings for the next six Saturday evenings in "The White Cat" tea shop.

Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre

A program of unusual interest will be given on Thursday, Friday and Saturday in Charles Edison's Little Thimble Theatre at 10 Fifth Avenue. Miss Ruth Sapinsky will sing, for the first time before a New York audience, a selection of songs including Roger Speaks' "Morning."

Mr. Robert Wirth, a violinist, will execute on his instrument Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5, in G Minor," Fritz Kreisler's "Rondino," a theme by Beethoven, and "The Humoresque," the great Bohemian, Devorak's, best-known composition.

Mr. Ridgely Hudson, tenor, will sing Handel's "Come Beloved" and two songs by MacSadyeen.

Virginia O' Madigan will recite to music especially composed for her—Victorian Sardou's "Leah, the Forsaken."

To Clara Tice

The self portrait of Clara Tice and her dog Varna in a recent issue of Bruno's Weekly inspired W. J. Lampton and here it is:

A SPLASH of cold ink, Erebean,
 Forming her crown of glory
 Surmounting those dots of expression
 Which tell their own story
 Thrilling with cognizance infinite.
 Pendent, dependent,
 The markings straying hither and yon
 Through the whiteness,
 Apparently going nowhither,
 Yet reaching their destination
 Which like the end of a joyous journey
 Outjoys the journey,
 And this is Clara.
 Clara incarnate,
 But never, ah, never, the soul of her;
 Only the shell of the spirit
 Expressed in the splashings and markings.
 And there near the heart of her,
 Filling the foreground,
 Is Varna, beloved of her;
 Varna, made in the image, vaguely,
 Of a bunch of sausage!

W. J. Lampton.

THE LITTLE GIRL: (while she undergoes the much disliked procedure of having her hair brushed in the morning by her mother)
 "What makes my hair crackle every morning, Mother?"

MOTHER: "It's the electricity in your hair, dear."

THE LITTLE GIRL: "How funny, Mama! I have electricity in my hair, and Grandma has gas in her stomach."



Hats, by Fritz Schnitzler.

The Other Woman

I SEE her often, and though I am younger and fairer than she, I always feel strongly the force of her presence, and become suddenly conscious of any defect in my garb.

He is kind and most tender, my husband, and in no-wise does he betray regret that it is I, not she, who bears his name, yet today the confines of my heart seem narrowed. Memory brings only bitterness, and hope is as a dead thing.

That my child lifts eyes like his to mine is of no comfort, and that tonight I shall stand at his side and welcome the guests bidden to celebrate the fifth anniversary of our marriage is an empty honor.

Blanche Katherine Carr

The Story of Oscar Wilde's Life and Experience in Reading Gaol*

By His Warder.

(Concluded)

"He wrote:

The memory of Dreadful Things
Rushed like a dreadful wind,
And Horror stalked before each man,
And Terror crept behind.
The warders with their shoes of felt
Crept by each padlocked door,
And peeped and saw with eyes of awe
Grey figures on the floor,
And wondered why men knelt to pray
Who never prayed before.

"Wilde told me that those moments when the bell rang out, and his imagination conjured up the execution scene, were the most awful of a time rich in horrors.

"I always found Wilde extremely good-natured, and he wrote several little things out for me.

"I had recently been married, and a certain weekly paper of-

**I am indebted for this story to Mr. Patrick F. Madigan, who has the original, in the handwriting of Oscar Wilde's warder, and also the two manuscripts mentioned in this story.*

ferred a silver tea service to the young couple who could give the best reason why this service should be given to them.

"I told Wilde of this, and he wrote out several witty 'reasons' which I have kept. Here are some, very apt, which should have secured the tea service:

- (1) Because evidently spoons are required, and my girl and I are two.
- (2) Because it would suit us to a T (tea).
- (3) Because we have good "grounds" for wanting a coffee pot.
- (4) Because marriage is a game that should begin with a love set.
- (5) Because one cannot get legally married without a proper wedding service.

"These are very witty, are they not, and he also wrote out a little essay suggesting the name of a baby boy that would be suitable for Diamond Jubilee Year.

"Oscar Wilde wrote this out in his own hand, and gave it to me. It was written in ten minutes, and began:

"'Every baby born in the course of this great and historic year should have a name representative in some way of what this year signifies to the British Empire. That is clear. The only question is what is it to be?

"'St. George would be a capital name—it is a real Christian name, and is borne by Mr. St. George Mivart, a well-known writer—the only objection to it is that it refers too specially to England, and leaves out St. Patrick, St. Andrew and St. David.'

"Victor, the masculine equivalent of Victoria, would be good, but not the best possible. . . .

"'People are sometimes Christened Tertius and Decimus, as being the third and tenth sons. Why not call the boy Sexagesimus?

"'Thus the sixtieth year of her Majesty's reign would be commemorated. Still that is an awkward name, and would not make the youthful owner popular at school.

"'Well, we call girls Ruby, Pearl and other names of precious jewels, and the Irish call their babies "My jewel," and the French, "Tres bijoux." Mr. Walter Pater, whose prose we all admire for its noble qualities, called one of his characters "Emerald." Jacinth, which is a precious stone, is also a Christian name—the same as Hyacinth and Amethyst.

"'Garnet is a Christian name and the name of a jewel. Lord Wolseley was Sir Garnet Wolseley.

"'There is also a name "Royal." It is a very good name, but not sufficiently distinguishing.

"'Diamond must be made a popular name, so I hope,' concluded Mr. Wilde, 'to hear it has been given to our baby boy.'

"As a warder, I take off my hat to the memory of the author, who, by his sad and premature death, has now silenced for ever all who have criticised his conduct and rejoiced at his fall."

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